

Group Therapy

by Enthusiastic Fish

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Summary: The author is cruel sometimes, but she does it out of love. Even so, sometimes, being with a group and sharing one's woes is helpful. That is what the Tims are doing. Yes, Tims. Plural. There's nothing serious here. Just some self parody. Oneshot.

Group Therapy

****A/N:**** A few years ago (2011), I decided to write a oneshot that allowed my various Tims to come together and commiserate about their woes being the lead character in my stories. It was nothing serious, just some fun self-parody. For some reason, I never did post it over here. Then, I wrote a second part in 2013. Last night, I wrote a third part and realized that none of them were over here. So I'm going to post them here.

****Disclaimer:**** I don't own NCIS, but this has very little to do with it. So I'm pretty sure I'm okay.

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><p>Group Therapy
****by Enthusiastic Fish**

Tim walked slowly into the office. He looked around and found the main desk through a large crowd of people. He approached the desk, not without some trepidation. A friendly-looking woman looked up and smiled at him.

"First time?"

He nodded mutely.

"That's all right. Everyone feels a little strange the first time they join the group. Remember that this is here for you all to talk, to gain strength and resolve. You can share your problems."

"Mine really isn't that bad...so far," Tim said softly. "I mean...I haven't... It was pretty mild to start. I'm really okay...mostly."

The woman smiled encouragingly. "Don't worry. Some people might bring that up, but not many. Everyone knows that the individual experiences are all difficult in different ways. Besides, those who have stories still going need a lot more help. Just fill out the form. The meeting will start soon."

Tim nodded. As he wove through the crowd to a vacant chair, he noticed there were a few knots of people hanging out together. Then, he sat down and looked at the form.

There was no space for his name (of course), but the rest of form was blank and waiting for his entries.

_Story title: __Never Again _

_Is this a WIP or Complete? __WIP _

_Is your story multi-chapter or oneshot? __Multi-chapter _

_Is your story part of a series or standalone? __Series _

_What is your source of drama/trauma/angst? __Former drug addict, coupled with appendicitis _

The door opened, drawing Tim's attention and he looked up. The others started entering the room. Uncertain, Tim walked back to the front desk.

"You have your form?"

Tim nodded and handed it to her.

"She...she won't be in there, will she?"

The woman smiled. "Oh, no. This is only for you and people like you."

Tim smiled. "Okay. My turn, I guess."

"Go on in."

Tim walked into the room and was greeted at the door.

"Hey! You're new!"

"How could you tell?" Tim asked.

"Oh, you'll see. You can always tell us apart."

Tim looked around the room.

"What story are you from?"

"_Never Again_. It's a sequel."

A sage nod. "Ah. I'm from _Where's McGee?_. I'm her first. I try to

make all the meetings I can. No sequels for me."

Tim laughed awkwardly.

"Well, the WIPs all sit over there," he said, gesturing to a small group. "Why don't you join them? The meeting will start in just a couple of minutes."

"Okay."

Tim walked over and sat down in an empty chair.

"Hi," he said.

"Hey, Tim. New story, eh?"

He nodded.

"What about you?"

He laughed. "Oh, I've been a work in progress for a couple of years now. She's hit a block with me."

"You look all right," Tim said.

A nod. "Oh, yeah. I'm not hurting too bad at this point. Maybe that's why she's stuck. It's a sequel."

"Hey, me, too!"

"I'm the sequel that was supposed to resolve the first story, but she's having trouble with it."

The one who had greeted Tim when he came in took the center of the room and looked around. Tim did the same and noticed that there was a very large number of people in the room. Probably close to a hundred.

"Wow. I didn't realize there were so many," he said in a low voice.

"Yeah. There are more all the time. You see that one over there?" He pointed to one in the corner.

"Yeah?"

"He's been finished for a few weeks. Still a bit punch drunk from the story, to be honest. It was a humdinger."

"What was it?"

"It was actually a collaboration...uh..._The Left-hand Path_...about human sacrifice."

"Whoa."

"Yeah."

Then, the voices hushed.

"Welcome!" the one in the center said with a smile. "Welcome, all, to the meeting of TOE-FU!"

Tim couldn't help it. He giggled.

The one in the middle looked at him and smiled. "Otherwise known as Tims of Enthusiastic Fish United. We have a new member joining us tonight, Tim, NA." He gestured.

Tim stood up awkwardly.

"Just let us know the basics."

"Okay, uh..." Tim looked around. "Hi, everyone. I'm..." He laughed a little. "I'm Tim."

Titters around the room.

"Just like the rest of you and I'm from a story called _Never Again._ It's a work in progress and it's a sequel to _Just Once More_. Uh...I'm a former drug addict and I just got through having an appendectomy."

A few sympathetic winces around the room.

"That's it...I guess."

"That's all we expect. Works in progress don't have as much to say in the beginning. Tim, CGO...new chapter?"

Tim nodded. "Yes. Things are looking up...a little. Ziva came over. We had lunch together. It was weird, but a small step in the right direction."

"That's great. Tim, OEOP? Anything?"

Another Tim, face swollen and arm and feet bandaged shook his head.

"Not for a couple of weeks. It's all there floating around. She really wants me to get to Idaho. Man, I never thought it would last this long."

Sympathetic chuckles.

"I understand," Tim, WM said, nodding. "Most of us do...although not to the same extent, obviously."

"She's still stuck with me," Tim, TE said. "But I'm not doing too badly."

"Tim, AFVAUF?"

"They haven't really got me out of surgery yet. I'm waiting. Things are doing a bit better."

"I'm Tim, ND, and she's got a real humdinger of a chapter floating around in her head. She's just got to get it written down. You just _know_ it's going to be painful. The story's far from over as she gleefully thinks every time she sits down to write."

"In her defense," Tim, WM said, "the stories sometimes get away from her, too. I remember when she started writing. She never thought she'd do more than _Where's McGee?_. That was just going to be the one and only. You can see how accurate _that_ idea was."

More chuckles.

"Tim, T2?"

A shrug. Nothing more.

"Right. Moving on."

Tim, WM, began talking about keeping up hope and appreciating the good twists and turns in the stories. Tim, NA leaned over to Tim, TE.

"What's the little group over there?"

Tim, TE followed his gaze. "Oh...them."

"What?"

"Those are the crack!fic Tims. She doesn't have many, but there are a few and the worlds are so bizarre that they tend to stick together. It's easier for them."

"Huh. What about those two off by themselves?"

"Oh..." Here, Tim, TE sighed a little. "Well, the one is Tim, TfD. He's her one and only death fic featuring Tim."

"Ouch."

"Yeah. He's not too upset about it. He got a good end, but being dead tends to separate him from the rest of us."

"So who's that with him?"

"Oh, well, _that's_ from a weird little oneshot she did where he killed himself but didn't. I think he's just off-kilter from being both alive and dead in the same story. I think Tim, TfD likes the company."

"Oh."

Tim, TE smiled. "Don't worry. You'll get used to it. Didn't you come around during the first part?"

"No...I guess not."

"You're not the only one. There are a few who only showed up after the story was over. That one over there, Tim, HTSMS, he only started coming a couple of weeks after his was over. It was a hard story."

"...and we'd like to extend, as always, our heartfelt welcomes to the Tims yet to be," Tim, WM, said, gesturing up at the ceiling.

Tim, NA looked up and his eyes widened.

"What are they?"

"Oh, those are the future stories, the ones that are floating around in her head but haven't been typed out at all yet. They're not Tims quite yet because the stories often change as she sits and thinks about them. But they'll be stories eventually; so we let them float around up there."

"Was I one of them?"

"More than likely."

"I don't remember that."

"No reason you should. You weren't a full story."

"True."

"Okay, that's it for tonight," Tim, WM, said. "Refreshments are in the foyer as always."

There was a mass of murmuring as the various Tims began chatting amongst themselves, most of them moving out into the hall.

"So...you're a sequel, too?"

Tim, NA turned to Tim, OEOP.

"Yeah. She's just started on it. I guess she thought the story wasn't over. Are you?"

"Oh, yeah. You don't know the half of it."

"What do you mean?"

Tim, OEOP rolled his eyes. "Try being in a four-part series."

"Four? You're in part four?!" Tim NA asked in shock.

"Yep...and she already has vague plans for a part five."

"Wow. Really?"

"Yep. Something bad happens in every one. I don't know how she does it, but she manages."

"I thought I had it bad being a former drug addict. Just Once More was hard in a lot of ways...but four stories?"

Tim, OEOP grinned. "Oh, it's not so bad. There's always an uplift at the end...and I've had it easier in some ways than Tim, ND. He's a sequel, too, but his has been about being angry and alone. Mine...I'm often alone but I always have support. You?"

"Yeah, I do, too."

"See? That's easier...although I wonder if it would kill her to write

a long happy story. None of the long stories are, you know. She has some pleasant oneshots, but multi-chapters? No way."

Tim, NA laughed. "This is nice, though."

"Yeah...wait until you see the refreshments. I'm sure she's behind it somehow."

"You think?"

"Must be. She does appreciate us."

"I guess..." Tim NA got up and followed Tim OEOP out of the room.

"Really. She does. We're a versatile character. How else could she write all these stories?"

"True."

Refreshments were excellent as usual and after an hour or so, the Tims headed off to their respective stories, either to take up the role again and wait for an update or to relax in the happy endings.

Tim NA was the last to leave, savoring the new experience.

"How was it?" the woman at the desk asked.

"It was nice. I think I'll keep coming."

"That's good. There's strength in numbers, as the saying goes."

"Definitely. Who does all this?"

"Oh, I think there must be some sort of management," she said. "I've never asked. I just make sure the room is available."

"Huh. Well, thanks for your help!"

"Anytime, Tim. Anytime. See you at TOE-FU next week."

"Bye!" Tim headed out...back to his hospital bed.

x.x.x.x.x.x.x

All the Tims were gone. She made sure of it before shutting down the room. As the lights went out, every section of the building disappeared, leaving only a small drab room in its wake.

Then, she smiled to herself, turned around...

...and sat down at her computer to type.

FINIS!

End
file.